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“ And she whose censure thou dost dread,
Whose eye thou wast afraid to seek,
See, on her face a glow is spread,
A strong emotion on her cheek !
‘ Ah, child !’ she cries, ‘ that strife divine,
Whence was it, for it is not mine ?

“ ‘ There is no effort on *my* brow,—
I do not strive, I do not weep ;
I rush with the swift spheres, and glow
In joy, and when I will, I sleep.
Yet that severe, that earnest air,
I saw, I felt it once—but where ?

“ ‘ I knew not yet the gauge of time,
Nor wore the manacles of space ;
I felt it in some other clime,
I saw it in some other place.
’Twas when the heavenly house I trod,
And lay upon the breast of God.’ ” *

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SOME OF THE USES OF UNEMOTIONAL MUSIC.

PRESENT evidence leads us to accept, with the humility becoming unofficial laity, that the deductions of naturalists are true, and that music existed before speech, and was the primitive expression of courtship among birds and, in a lesser degree, other animals. Whether nature expresses herself through the carol of birds, or in the untutored song of the peasant in wood or field, it is truly the voice of physical joy that speaks, healthily and happily ; and within its proper domain it charms us as does the green of spring, the bloom of flowers, or the rime of frost. It is said that musical notes and rhythm were first acquired by the male and female progenitors of mankind, with the intention of charming the opposite sex ; these early exemplars have unquestionably had a long line of imitations of their primitive system.

* Matthew Arnold's Poems: "Morality."

The proportion of natures that respond, consciously or unconsciously, to emotional or, rather, erotic music, will probably ever be greatly in the majority. We can easily convince ourselves that it is a majority, and what its elements are. It will suffice that we join the unreflecting crowd that follows a military brass band, and observe how eagerly, how unthinkingly, they time their steps to the rhythmic procession. Martial sentiments are not the motor that stirs the throng following the soldier band; nor does an active sympathy with a living mourner, nor the lamented dead, augment the numbers marching after the funeral music of our streets. Effective, showy compositions, inappropriately styled dirge-music, usually devoid of the expression of grief,—except by the conventional adoption of a minor mode,—attracts, collects, the multitude; for whom, when all is said, music is as yet an unknown, uncomprehended quantity. The sensuous resonances of the brass tickle their ears; they neither analyze, reflect, nor scarce enjoy; but the pulsating rhythm, color, and noise of the instruments stir some barbaric instinct, and that is usually about all. Take the love song of the tenor, or soprano, in opera or concert; observe the enthusiasm it evolves,—the louder the voice, the fiercer the emotional howl, especially upon a high note, the greater the excitement of applause. It is not that the love song appeals to the unsatisfied but highest demands of the human heart; it is usually but the primitive and barbaric instinct of undeveloped human nature that again makes itself heard.

It is frequently said by unartistic people that musicians—indeed, all artists are generally included in this sweeping assertion—are fanciful, capricious, unbalanced, and most often immoral. Music is also said to have a more direct action upon the nerves than the other arts,—but these conclusions might be better verified if nervous sanity were the rule of our civilization,—or if music had been long enough studied in regard to its action upon neurotic disorders, of the value of which much might be advanced.

I am quite willing to admit all that the primitive origin of music is supposed to imply, and there is no reason why we

should desire to evade such a truth; in fact, it is one more reason why the development of another and a more intellectual side of musical art should be considered the more urgent. Is there any reason why we should content ourselves with the merely sensuous or erotic suggestion of the oldest and at the same time the youngest and the least developed of the arts?

It is very doubtful whether unbalanced character or immorality of conduct can be limited to any class; certainly, it would be difficult to prove by statistics that the brain-workers are worse men and women than the non-producers. Naturally, the defects of successful artists of every class will be more easily known, registered, criticised, than the exploits of their unendowed brethren. But it is my belief—the result of long and careful observation—that the best brain work will be, with rare exceptions, always accompanied by the best morality. The old accusation of unreflective people of the want of balance in musicians or artists will logically fall to the ground, as higher spiritual and moral teachings permeate general culture, and are not, falsely, reserved for special phases of life, convention, or observance.

I admit what is said about the action of music upon the nerves, and this is another good reason for eliminating emotional excess. Physiologists prove to us that excess, physical or mental, is destructive of vital force; and nowhere is this truer than in regard to music. In a time like this, when neurotic maladies are increased by the artificiality of our social life, it becomes a necessity that nothing pertaining to a great art should lend itself, consciously or unconsciously, to augmenting the present disastrous condition of our so-called civilization.

Nature herself indicates to us with infinite and potent examples that her predominant phases are tranquil. We see this in the budding delights of spring, the ripe, abundant charm of summer, the affluent glory of autumn, the brilliant beauty of winter's frost. Man is sustained, cheered, by the wide, varied range of nature's middle tints; the tragedy of earthquake, the turbulence of blinding storm, is happily but

the unusual aspect. So in healthy minds, passionate or excessive emotion is and should be the exception.

In art it is the same. As a rule, antique sculpture and painting were devoid of passion, and dealt but sparingly with the passions; they were used with reserve, judiciously, as high lights—up to which the attention was led, as to central points of culminating interest. The larger portion of most classical and mediæval work was created, executed, for what would to-day be disdainfully styled as decoration; and the best talent in those distant and splendid epochs occupied itself with what was honorably recognized as decoration, pure and simple. Think of the gracious forms which grew out of the old myths, all the enchanting variety of gods and goddesses of classic art. These works, full of the vigorous breath of nature, were not troubled by the personalism of most of the work of our day. Take the sacred pictures elicited by the Roman Church from the great painters. Although man's best sense of beauty was appealed to, still, they were usually created as decoration for some special space, and little thought (with very rare exception) was given to emotional energy or religious aspiration, save in the adoption of conventional forms.

A great deal is said nowadays about the need of emotion in art creation. If we observe carefully the achievements of the most productive of all the great epochs, we shall have to admit that the artist did not appear preoccupied by any mere search for emotion. First of all he was sure of his technique, a fact we must sadly accept as not always the case to-day, and, finally, he was directed by a strong, definite, and impassioned purpose; where no sterilizing dearth of ideas kept him anxiously alert to seize unseizable emotions. If the charm of spontaneous creation falls within the wide, tumultuous sea of human passion, or lies beyond, within the calm where no agitation disturbs the spirit, both phases are equally valuable.

Noble emotions have always been the spur to human action; they have the power to enliven the dullest natures for the time; they burn through the grosser forms of commonplace.

Still, the glow of passion is but brief; it is, perhaps, not intended that it should compete with the unemotive moral forces,—that concrete result formed by the long evolution, selection, transformation of aspirations, of religious faiths, into the principles that finally, like resistant arching bridges, surmount the turbid streams of life. Emotion should be reserved as living fire, to burn upon altars dedicated to some high purpose; be used with reverent care, nor be spent by the first wanton breeze that blows, so that we may centralize its beneficent potency to enrich noble passions and heroic conceptions.

In olden times, before many of our good old Saxon words fell into disuse, a *glee-man* meant a musician; and this signification is the true theory for musical art,—to rejoice man's heart. But why not let it be used intelligently? Because due attention is given to the higher evolution of the brain, that need be no reason why the heart should be undeveloped. What is needed in music is a better knowledge of the theories of construction, of harmony, and, in fact, a general comprehension of musical science. A small minority alone knows now the joy that comes from this intellectual source. Who shall say that the study of harmonic art, with all its theoretic mechanisms, might not be an admirable adjunct for the studies for women,—music has of late years been largely selected for them,—and this would take another of the emotional elements out of her general culture.

There are more reasons than could be offered here why we should be willing to study every aspect of what I might term "decorative" music in contradistinction to emotional. There is a large class of beautiful music, both for instruments and voices, entirely suitable for social life. Everything belonging to theatrical representation should be kept for the stage, with its accessories, its illusions, its preparation; dramatic music without long and serious training is an absurdity. How incongruous in the modern drawing-room is the hysterical wailing of a "Traviata," the typical song of a "Carmen," or the passionate lament of an "Isolde"! Can there be anything in worse taste than the abortively passionate declamation one

frequently hears in what is termed "cultivated society"? Nothing demonstrates who is the real artist better than the selection of materials.

How many simple ballads, if clearly enunciated, sung with taste, would delight even the audiences of our so-styled "cultured society." What inexhaustible numbers of classical songs—German, Italian—from which to select, and, if possible, always to be sung in the language of the vocalist, unless both singer and audience are well prepared for foreign versions. Another reason for the choice of the simpler class of songs is that amateurs, as a rule, have not large voices, and such songs can give true pleasure, even sung by small voices, if properly trained. I have long thought that nothing could better help this adapting a means to an end than good editions, with suitable translations of the text, of songs suited for home use. Less need be said about selections for the piano-forte, for that instrument has a large, much more intelligent class of masters for its study than has the voice. Yet all the fault does not lie with the teachers,—much of it is the "recherche de la sensation,"—and here this is quite as much the folly of the parents as of the pupils.

One of our great poets wisely says, "It is better that joy should be spread over all the day in the form of strength than that it should be concentrated into ecstasies full of dangers and followed by reactions;" and here we have the right key to the interpretation and emancipation of much of life, and certainly for the true application of music. No satisfaction of a lower quality can excel the serenity, the joy, included in self-restraint; in comprehending this we not only are enabled to perceive the wide horizons that float about and beyond artistic creation, but it enables us also to grasp the great altruistic principles upon which a newer and higher social life must be based.

The alliance and analogy between the arts is so close that the laws and methods that have been held good for the sister arts must apply also to music, which undoubtedly has a great, probably the greatest, future of all the arts. It is only necessary to study its history to see how recent has been the

development of its present condition, and how very modern the application of many of its laws. With the renaissance of a truer general sentiment much that now prostitutes music will be abolished; and let us timidly hope that it will give us a pregnant and artistic epoch. The intellectual, comprehensive study of the most spiritual, the most elusive, and the most mysteriously suggestive of all the arts will help to hasten this beautiful time, and it cannot be facilitated through a more fitting channel than by a thorough knowledge of harmonic and unemotional music.

By reserving passionate, romantic repression in the background, to await with dignity its fitting moment of utterance, we re-enforce vigor into correct modes of procedure, logically allowing all things to prepare for their appropriate ingress and egress upon life's stage. Might we not through intelligent, progressive processes of selection, breeding, and training finally establish a permanent artistic quality, sufficiently endowed with emotive elements, but fully equipped with love and knowledge of pure form, and of harmony? Might we not secure some more approximate terrestrial analogy to celestial beauty, and might not such conditions counterbalance, equalize, the excessive modern passion for color, for sensuous expression? Finally, might we not in these newer conditions obtain a glimpse into the creative state that permitted the nobility of antique sculpture?

Unemotive art is the healthy, typical direction for the studies of the young. It will carry healing and consolation upon its harmonies for those who are weary with the conflict, sore from the wounds of life's battle; for the rest of mankind it will but help to accentuate, facilitate, the serene contemplation of all the high principles that govern the best evolution and outcome of human effort.

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